

Friday February 24, 1967

Must Remain in
Transcription Room

Well, we all have to work don't we. I don't think there is any way of getting away from that. Even if at times you would like to. I think sooner or later in any person's life there comes a certain point. Either it's a point of no return, or it's a point of return to its origin, from infancy back to senility. The question is always how to prepare for that particular point, period, that particular state, in which one faces reality. I think each person comes to that at a certain point in his life, that he must face it. I think that circumstances will bring it about, I think it is a chance, you might say, that mother nature gives you. There are two natures, one belonging to ordinary man on earth - it is mother nature - she cares for him, she wants to, she needs him, he has to remain part of organic life. He may not know it, perhaps even mother nature may not know it. I think mother nature doesn't know very much. It knows certain things - how to keep people asleep. Every once in a while though mother nature has a birthday, and on that birthday she visits her grandmother. Her grandmother is Great Nature. That's the time that there is a chance for mother nature to take something and to remember it when she comes back to earth, because Great Nature does not live on earth. She is somewhere up in the clouds, somewhere away from earth and even somewhere where no one can see her, and when has to go to her in order to find out if she actually exists. Mother nature, in her own life as mother, remembers that she was born, and that because of that she became mother to the children on earth. But that with this she has some source and on her birthday, which may not happen once a year, it may be quite infrequent, it may be also that it's the birthday of her grandmother, that she has to go and visit her. She is told certain things. She is told one among many other little things - one big thing. At the time, whenever it is possible for any human being, that mother nature is tolerant to that person for one time only, and that then such a person has a chance to be in contact with what really exists. And at such a time then the veil of mystery

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of secrecy of that what is ordinary phenomena, is changed over into a moment for man, in which and at which taomess he can see what is his real value and then also create in him a hope for a possibility of growth. I say this happens at least once. It is like knocking on the door of someone and at the time at which the door is perhaps tightly closed that one doesn't want to open it. I do not know. I doubt very much if it happens more than once. But once is absolutely certain. There is a moment. There are three moments in a man's life. The moment of his birth, the moment of his death, and this particular moment of contact with Great Nature. Then he has a chance, once in his life - a man is a black sheep. Only once. As far as the totality of the herd is concerned. But there are many people, and perhaps not so many, who are black more of the time than just white. They are chosen by Great Nature not to forget the real purpose of man's life, not to forget that life has a meaning, not to forget that that what should take place (is) a unifying force of some kind for mankind to understand it, to deliver, to let mother nature be for whatever it is, and to let her take care of those who want to continue to sleep. But for those who do want to wake up - they have in the first place this one moment. And if they take it, they have more moments. A black sheep - how does one find it. I think that the mind has many doors, many doors that are closed. Those that are open are habits, certain forms of thought which a man has, which he gradually becomes acquainted with and which he uses in daily life in order to exist. Those are the doors that are open. He has a key to them, he is familiar with them and at the proper time and in the proper circumstances he opens them. What makes a man insensitive. Of course that he is not entirely satisfied by keeping on opening the same doors. Also that by accident he finds a key he doesn't recognize, also by accident that one of the doors happens to be open without a lock. What does he discover when he opens that door. He sees a black sheep in there. That is a thought for him which is different from the usual

kind. It's a thought that comes from Great Nature. It's a thought that comes once, if man remembers himself () that moment when he has seen the possibility for his development and from that time on, if he is a good black sheep and if his blackness is indelible - if his blackness cannot be washed away, regardless of whatever rainstorms there may be - that man continues to remain black and black black, real black, indelible and indestructable, that he keeps on looking at himself and seeing this blackness and see the meaning then for which maybe this particular person was born and because of that, why that particular door happened to be open and why he then found really what he had been looking for. The black sheep goes around the herd, talks to the different other sheep. Some don't want to listen to him, some lend him an ear a little and then forget. Only very few of a herd, those you might say who live on the periphery of being able to leave the herd and are not as much affected by the total atmosphere which is created of course by the shepherd and by the dog because the dog keeps the herd together. Every once in a while someone strays away a little bit. The black sheep also tries to get out but it wants a little help first from that what is still there, his friends, maybe his father and mother, maybe his relatives of some kind. He tries. He tries every one of them. If he can he finds it. All the thoughts are not of the same kind as what he thinks. He goes away from the herd. He eliminates all further thoughts of hoping that he will find something among the herd. He knows that he has to go somewhere, he doesn't know where. He knows he has to get away from the shepherd because the shepherd hasn't told him the truth. He wants to get away from the dog because the dog is simply an adjunct of the shepherd. He runs away. He doesn't lose himself. He runs into (space). He runs in a direction away from the herd. It doesn't matter in what direction he runs as long as it's away. This black sheep comes back to the mind of a man. It wants to return to that what is the place where it came from as

a thought originally in the mind implanted, as I say by Great Nature. Open the Door, is written a little sign. It is that what is magnetic center. This is in the mind at that time because that is where the affections, the real form of life, exists, and that is where the black sheep wants to go back to in order then with its blackness, now understanding the reason why it is black, it simply means not to take that what I see as reality, and to put in its place an awareness of that what for me is unreal but which becomes for me reality in essence. And when the black sheep understands this and comes back and tells then his friends, there is a chance, it is only a chance, that man will change. There is no certainty. To some extent one can say it is preordained but of course it isn't true. That what determines it are the open doors of ones mind which keep open and which are constantly being fed. And the longer they are being fed all our little manifestations and thoughts, and the things that we believe that are necessary for one, and without which we could not live - as long as they are there, there is no possibility for the black sheep to have any further effect. And when man dies with his mind, then that what represented the black sheep as a thought in his mind also disappears for that man. Whenever the door of a black sheep which contains a little stable is open, start shutting the other doors. Try to live as if they don't exist really any longer, as if life has to return to simplicity. Mother nature is not interested in simplicity but Great Nature is, simply because in the realm of Great Nature there are no dimensions. Close all doors to the extent that you dare and open up the door for the black sheep to let it come out and run and try to (get it in ourselves). To that kind of questioning.

Part II

I have talked many times about "I", particularly in connection with "it". I don't think we can talk too much. Or rather when we talk it is to try and define more and more what is understood by it because is always that we describe "I" in the

wrong terms. And it's simply because we cannot conceive of something existing without having a desire to describe it. You see in each person there is I think this moment that we talked about which makes him seek for something. It may be that he is at that time a black sheep; it may be that some of his thoughts are compared to the other thoughts, of a different color. He hunts for something that's like a lost treasure. It is as if he remembers that it was something different where it came from. It's the Holy Grail, the Golden Stag. () to use that term, that what is the real self - that is what one remembers. That is what the prodigal son remembers. I think that is what even Noah remembered when everything was flooded and he tried at times, (once) unsuccessfully, finally the pigeon brought back an olive branch - something of course that was green but it was also alive. We bring it back every once in a while within ourselves. And then from that time on, it stays, if we feed it. It goes away of course if we don't. And why should we. Because the difficulty is that it has to stay while we are still engaged in ordinary life. This is the greatest difficulty, to understand that "I" must exist and only can exist when ordinary life continues. Because "I" remains dependent on the subjectivity since "I" is created with material from the subjectivity by means of that what is life, and the (influence) of life as magnetic center converts, at the time when one tries to wake up, that form of energy into a different kind of rate of vibration energy. How can one now imagine - something has to take place while something else continues to exist. It is always the difficulty because we don't understand it. I have tried to think about that - how really could one understand this. There are certain things in one's mind or in one's personality which remain in existence regardless of what I think or feel. Without paying any attention to it my blood keeps on circulating and my breathing keeps on. I keep even taking in things with my eyes as impressions. And all the time while this happens some thoughts can be in my mind and I'm occupied and it may be worry, it may be in my feeling center, it may be in a certain place

of myself; and at the same time all other things continue. I don't pay attention to them but I know they are there. They keep me alive. And the thought that I'm really interested in, and when I become really interested to the extent that I want to make that my God, then my breathing and my circulation of the blood continue. "I" when it is created is there, everything else remains. So from that standpoint then, if "I" is observant of that what is taking place with the body, it doesn't matter at all if the body is changing or not. The condition of the body has nothing to do with an observation process. And to see this, that that what "I" becomes interested in simply as a form of its own existence and that it has nothing to do nothing with any kind of a description, nothing that has to do with anything that takes place in the ordinary form of my body or my feeling or my thought - that "I" does not even know what is taking place. "I" is only in that state at the beginning of its own development as "do" and although potentially everything is in "I" - it is an embryonic state - it is just being born. Or perhaps even one can quibble about that - it is just being conceived. We said several times that the conception period of that what is "I", before it even could stand on its own feet is the "do-re-mi" of the intellectual scale. And that all the different attempts that we make of observing and participation or experimentation, everything that leads up to the real creation of difficulties for the further growth of "I", it is still as if "I" is during that time in the dark. It does not know and it is only starting to know at the time when it gets over that bridge into another kind of a sphere in which it then, when it is permanent, it will dare to go back to "it" and tell "it" what to do. Before that it has no authority. It gets authority when one intentionally creates conditions by which that "I" will grow. And in the meantime that "I" has nothing else to do than to exist, to record, to give facts of truth, and not to be influenced, that is to grow stronger so that never anything that happens in an ordinary unconscious state should affect it. And it does all the time, in the beginning, practically all the time. There is no "p", nothing. And even if I say

it or think it or feel it or hope for it - it's not there. As long as I say it is there, it is not there. It is only there when I experience an awareness of "I" existing, even without trying to define it, that in that particular state of ones mind shifting over into that what is an awareness while continuing its ordinary processes of all the thoughts and feelings - this ~~is~~ is where the greatest difficulty comes in - that that has to be maintained and that together with that something else starts to exist. The little "I" is the highest overtone in a chord. You know how difficult it is to hear an overtone which is one octave away, and there are 16 overtones, and the "I" is the highest, and of course is the weakest. I've said several times that in order to hear "I" or to become aware, all the tones of the chord have to be stilled, eliminated. All the overtones ~~is~~ have to be eliminated. They are still subjective. Only the highest note of the overtone - that what really gives the final end as an accent to any chord, is really that what only can be noticed and be made audible when all the other ordinary affairs, ordinary subjective things, have been subdued sufficiently, and some absolutely destroyed. It is such a long road. It is worth it of course. It will give you balance during the time that you strive. It doesn't really matter if you don't reach it in this life. One should do ones best and of course one hopes for it. But when once life has been acknowledged as existing, and when once Great Nature has entered into one, at times of ones birthday, at least once a year, it will never leave you and it will remain in existence even if there is a long period of gestation in which nothing seems to happen. At the same time, it is no excuse to be lazy. There's no excuse to forget it. If you do forget, after a little while it will not come back. This is the risk you run. Knocking on the door only once a year, after a little while once in five years, after that once in 21 years, after that no more. There is a time limit to the possibility of development of man. Like it or not. It is less () before he dies; it is after he has been born. There is a rather long period of his life in which it is possible because he is, during such a period,

not crystalized. He starts to crystalize at a certain age. When it has reached the crystallization point, after which it cannot be decrystallized any more, this man for this lifetime is lost. Before he can Work, he has to form certain experiences with which he can Work. Little children and grown ups up to the age of seven or eight can never understand Work. After that, when they get to the (foreign word) the period in which a boy is too big for a napkin and too small for a table cloth, it's a terrible period because they don't know what to do and which way to go, but very much alive. At that time the opportunity starts. And then there is a rather long time. But there is a limit. How one can remain young so that nothing will crystallize - that of course is the secret. But it can be done of course. And if one can, one will never die. These are ordinary affairs of ordinary life. They occur every day. Every day you can see them. There is no particular reason why you should not see them if you wish. If you can, you must work at it. Also I say there is no excuse not to work. No excuse for anyone who wants to live. Don't make excuses. They are childish. * To be childlike is to grow up because then one has a wish and also one knows that that what one is is not all there is to it. To that form of youth. I hope we all keep it and that it remains pure.